UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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THE MOTHER

(Nancy Hanks Lincoln)

Madonna was not in her mind;
And yet the babe clasped to her breast
She deemed a child of God—divined
His common heirship with the rest.

Scarce loftier than a manger rose
The walls that sheltered him at birth;
What then? Her home they could enclose,
And hallow thus a bit of eath.

No single star stood o'er the field
To mark aught there miraculous,
But came Orion with his shield,
And ever glorious Sirius.

Doth God give souls an inner light,
Some watchful hour when nothing mars
The silent message of the night,
The great, strong, fine truth of the stars?

The mother felt her son a charge,
A something worth her tenderest care;
She read his unknown future large,
And hoped to make it brave and fair.

Perhaps her swaying, tireless arms
Were all the cradle that he knew;
Perhaps her mother-hopes were charms
That worked fulfillment as he grew.

No lesser soul than his could know
All her sweet memory meant to him
In that still realm where faces grow
More saintly as more soft and dim.

Acoss the sea we cannot chart,
Beyond a world of weary strife,
Did ever son waft mother's heart
The flower of a fairer life?

MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

An International Convention for the suppression of the opium habit recently convened at the Hague under the initiative of the United States. An Episcopalian Bishop from the Philippines was the presiding officer. China sent six representatives. The *Congregationalist* well characterizes the conference as a "marked advance in international humaneness."

The New First Congregational Church in Chicago, formed from the fusion of the First and Union Park Churches, occupying a commodious church building adjoining the Chicago Theological Seminary, which is the Western school for ministers of the Congregational denomination, is trying an interesting experiment. It has elected to the chief pastorate the President of the Theological School, Dr. Ozora S. Davis, and he is expected to discharge the double function. To this end he is to organize a pastoral staff, a ministerial syndicate, the personnel of which will be made up of the faculty, and presumably the student body is to be drawn upon indefinitely for routine and other subordinate work. It remains to be seen whether this plan will work or not, but it is a suggestive evidence that the functions of a metropolitan church are so complicated, pervasive, elastic and expansive, that only a band of workers trained to team work can meet the requirements. Whether these workers can be found among specially trained and officially ordained ministers is to our mind the doubtful element in the experiment. By the time one reaches the "Reverend" stage, he may be too far gone in his individualism to be successfully merged.

R. T. Campbell, of the City Temple, London, after completing a noteworthy itinerary in America, confided to an interviewer in New York just before sailing that he saw a mighty cleavage in America between the social movement and the churches, which with Mr. Campbell we believe exists, and which we with Mr. Campbell deplore. He told the interviewer that the English social service leaders are also Christian workers and that most labor leaders in the House of Commons are local Methodist preachers. Mr. Campbell rose into notoriety as the author of the "New Theology." He has revived his interest in the work of the ministry and in the Christian Church by the sociological approach, the applied Christianity which is the Christianity of the Golden Rule, the Good Samaritan, the Beatitudes and the Prodigal Son, rather than that of the creeds or the miracles, and the church that converts ethics into social service has done, as Mr. Campbell intimates, a high service. The cleavage in America between the church on the one hand and the workingman and labor leaders on the other is so obvious that none can dispute it. There is another cleavage less obvious, but, to our mind, quite as ominous, between the church and the would-be leaders of culture, representatives of art, the self-styled "progressive," men and women who stand back of the vast labyrinth of club life, masculine and feminine. Surely the women and men who seek to express their highest interests in society and to find their most effective co-operation in weekday devices, while they rest from their spiritual as well as their mental activi-

ties on Sunday, are confusing if not confounding the higher interests and the nobler life of today.

The Women's Clubs of Chicago are striking hands on another high venture of the uplifting kind. At a recent meeting of the "League of Cook County Women's Clubs" a project was launched for the establishment of a Vocational Training School for Girls. They begin humbly by supporting one woman whose business it will be to see the Principals of the Chicago Schools and find out what girls of fourteen years or over have made application for age certificates with the object of obtaining employment. This woman can then interview the girls and see that they obtain employment in the right sort of places. "In the meantime we can be raising money to perfect our system to establish a regular Vocational Training School for Girls." These are the words, as given in the newspaper, of the one who launched the project, Mrs. Addison Moore. This is an ambitious scheme based on what is unquestionably a need, but in the multiplicity of schools already established and in view of the tremendous emphasis, we are almost tempted to say, *over*emphasis, given today among all our educators in the primary, secondary and higher schools, to the mechanical, manual, vocational training, do we need another distinct school? Such a school will not only emphasize the sex line, making another girls' school, but,—a more grievous limitation,—a school for girls who must earn their living, and the still more grievous limitation to girls of fourteen years of age and over. It is much easier to start new projects than to perfect an old one. Organization is the fad and the excuse, as well as the hope and power of the life of today. Little or nothing can be accomplished without organization, but mighty little is accomplished with many organizations, perhaps we ought to say with over-organization. The movement of the Women's Clubs of Chicago towards a "Vocational Training School for Girls" will be watched with great interest by all intelligent students of social well-being.

The *Crisis* is the title of the attractively printed monthly that is the organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, of which Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard is President and Miss Ovington is Secretary. The recent visit of these officers to Chicago was the subject of an editorial note in a recent issue of UNITY. We believe that the saying of Emerson is a good motto for all seekers after justice: "I prefer to chant the praises of the good than to bark at the heels of the bad." For this reason we are glad to find in the February issue of the *Crisis* so many significant witnessings to the sure and striking rise of the colored people. We are told in this little monthly that in the twenty years preceding 1910, negro farm-owners increased 90 per cent and that the value of their farms has more than doubled. In South Carolina 25 per cent of the actual owners of the state are negroes. One-third of the improved lands of Alabama are worked by negroes. In 1910 the product of negro farms amounted to forty million dollars. Cotton, silk, hosiery and oil mills are owned and managed by negroes from Texas to North Carolina. The Bureau of Industrial Statistics for Pennsylvania reports that negroes own over fiteen million dollars' worth of property. Boley, of Oklahoma, is a town with a population of over three thousand, with water works, electric light and four miles of cement sidewalk and the necessary complement of business blocks, banks, high schools and lodge building, and there is not a white person living in the town. Three colored women in Oklahoma have been made millionaires in the oil district, one of them having an annual income of $400,000 and another of $100,000. The triumphs of the colored people are not all material. A colored graduate of Atlanta University is assistant teacher in mathematics at Harvard. A colored girl at Norfolk, Mass., led her graduating class in the high school last June and took a twenty dollar prize. A sister of hers took the first prize for greenings at a county fair in the same state. A little colored boy made the best record of four hundred boys at the State Industrial School at Golden, Colorado. Keep at it, you fellow citizens of Washington and Du Bois, the century lures you and the shades of Lincoln, Garrison, Frederic Douglass and John Brown cheer you on.

In a signed editorial in a recent number of the *Outlook*, the Oracle of Oyster Bay has spoken on the woman question, and for once the ardent and impetuous ex-president, who so despises lukewarmness, has proved himself a veritable member of the Church of Laodicea. He is neither cold nor hot, and, according to his own live method and avowed principles, either the suffragette or the anti-suffragette might well exclaim: "Would thou wert cold or hot, because thou art lukewarm, neither hot nor cold, I will spew thee out of my mouth." On this one subject, which, spite of his apparent indifference, is an imperative subject in American politics today, he takes the role of Gallio, who assumed the place of judge and pronounced the word of the Pro-consul before whom Paul was brought: "If indeed it were a matter of wrong or of wicked villainy, reason would that I should bear with you; but if they are questions of words and names and your own law, look to it yourselves, I am not minded to be a judge of these matters." Notwithstanding Roosevelt's oft-repeated declaration that he is a born democrat, this lofty indifference as to whether the women whom he so lauds, whom he affects to befriend, whose behavior he hastens to vindicate at

the ballot-box, breathes the air of an aggravating aristocrat. He tells us that "the women of Denver stood most stoutly behind Judge Lindsey;" that the woman vote in Seattle was "a potent factor in securing decent government;" that at Los Angeles the women "are setting the men a much needed example of thorough work, with no foolish scrapping,—dignified, conscientious and effective." He even admits that wage-earning girls and wives whose husbands are brutal or inconsiderate "would be helped by the suffrage if they used it wisely and honorably." But after all these admissions, he harks back to the time-worn assumption that woman's primary function is motherhood and that wifehood will be somehow menaced by this assumption of an additional "burden." He also tells us that most of the women whom he knows best are against woman suffrage "because they approach life from the standpoint of duty." His great point is that women are not agreed among themselves and that they should be allowed to vote as to whether they want the vote or not, and by implication the majority of women would have a right to disfranchise the minority, even though the minority be represented by Julia Ward Howe, whom he so highly and justly commends. The fact is apparent that the Colonel is too much obsessed with sex consciousness to wisely discuss the interests of women and the problems of women. Voting is not a sex. An interest in local, state and national affairs is not a male prerogative, and woman's entrance into the industrial world is not, as might be implied, a recent and transient affair. The Colonel has traveled widely into the heart of Darkest Africa and among the blanketed Indians of America. Do the women there represent a leisure class, are they exempted from the toil of the loom and the field in those unsophisticated realms where woman's natural function of rearing children and wiving the Lords of Creation is undisturbed by any strong-mindedness or feminine restlessness? We read between the lines of these five pages of trapeze performance a nice balancing, the old male arrogance that lies back of the philosophy of the "Big Stick," which stick is easily prolonged and polished into a bayonet, a cannon or a battleship, for subject races and a subject sex. We believe that there are feminine functions, and among these fundamentals are good housekeeping, the training of children and the care of the sick, the arrangement and economy of the larder and all these are the fundamental functions of government. Let Gallio get off his bench and let Roosevelt resign his membership in the church of Laodicea.

Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty;
And by that love they are redeemable;
For in love and beauty they acknowledge good,
And good is God. —*Bailey.*

Charles Dickens

It is to be hoped that the centennial year will bring about a Dickens revival, the re-reading on the part of the old, and a new reading on the part of the young, of the ever old-new stories of the human heart which the Magician of Gad's Hill wove for us. It would be a happy omen of the future if we could bring about a Dickens Renaissance in our homes, and if the inhabitants of Dickens' land might again be domesticated wherever there are hearts to be warmed and consciences to be stirred. The hundred years that have elapsed since the birth of Charles Dickens have not weakened his power over the human heart, or obscured his place in the Halls of Fame.

Dickens' "American Notes," based on a flying visit to the United States in 1842, which were so resented by certain elements in the United States and for a time clouded his reputation here, revealed at once the petty sensitiveness and silly pride of his American critics and the frankness and insight of the man, who, in his search for rest, followed the unerring instincts of a prophet in studying the human nature he loved in its social as well as in its individual capacity. It was Charles Dickens who first introduced the thousands of readers on this side as well as on the other of the Atlantic to the marvellous story of Laura Bridgman and the divinely creative work of her emancipator, Samuel G. Howe. He studied our prison system, visited our cotton mills, exposed the atrocities of the silence system in the prison discipline which he found in Philadelphia, and rejoiced in a good jail, well built and managed, which he found in Canada.

Washington and Virginia became intolerable to him, because there he must needs be served by slave labor. He fled from the stifling atmosphere and put into his Notes a whole chapter on slavery. At this distance we can find no more graphic revelation to our children of the frontier life of America, which in 1842 had its outposts at Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis, than these Notes, written when Ohio was "out West," and the means of transportation were the crazy stage-coaches, creeping canal-boats and sensational steamboats, where the rear cabins were the most desirable because they were the farthest removed from the center of danger when the boat blew up. I know of nothing in the pages of his novels displaying more insight into human nature than the reflections aroused by the sight of a lot of English immigrants crowding the deck of a St. Lawrence boat en route for the hardships of the Canadian forests. He says:

Cant as we may, and as we shall to the end of all things,

it is very much harder for the poor to be virtuous than it is for the rich; and the good that is in them shines the brighter for it. In many a noble mansion lives a man, the best of husbands and of fathers, whose private worth in both capacities is jutly lauded to the skies. But bring him here upon this crowded deck. Strip from his fair young wife her silken dress and jewels, unbind her braided hair, stamp early wrinkles on her brow, pinch her pale cheek with care and much privation, array her faded form in coarsely patched attire, let there be nothing but his love to set her forth or deck her out, and you shall put it to the proof indeed. So change his station in the world that he shall see in those young things who climb about his knee—not records of his wealth and name, but little wrestlers with him for his daily bread; so many poachers on his scanty meal; so many units to divide his every sum of comfort, and further to reduce its small amount. In lieu of the endearments of childhood, in its sweetest aspect, heap upon him all its pains and wants, its sicknesses and ills, its fretfulness, caprice and querulous endurance; let its prattle be not of engaging infant fancies, but of cold, and thirst, and hunger; and if his fatherly affection outlive all this, and he be patient, watchful, tender, careful of his children's lives and mindful always of their joys and sorrows; then send him back to Parliament and Pulpit and Quarter Sessions; and when he hears fine talk of the depravity of those who live from hand to mouth, and labor hard to do it, let him speak up, as one who knows, and tell those holders-forth that they, by parallel with such a class, should be High Angels in their daily lives, and lay but humble siege to heaven at last.

Which of us shall say what he would be, if such realities, with small relief or change all through his days were his? Looking round upon these people, far from home, houseless, indigent, wandering, weary with travel and hard living; and seeing how patiently they nursed and tended their young children; how they consulted over their wants first, then half supplied their own; what gentle ministers of hope and faith the women were; how the men profited by their example; and how very, very seldom even a moment's petulance or harsh complaint broke out among them; I felt a stronger love and honor of my kind come glowing on my heart, and wished to God there had been many atheists in the better part of human nature there, to read this simple lesson in the book of life.

The thin-skinned Yankee nation was slow to forgive him for his persistent exposure of the national American habit of spitting tobacco, then so universal even among the legislators of the nation, making of Washington, as he said, "the great American spittoon." But the humiliation was in the fact, not in the disclosure, and the same American people should remember with gratitude that it was Charles Dickens who opened their eyes to the religious awe and solemn revealments of their own Niagara with sentences that are still classic and unparalleled in the literature of Niagara Falls:

It was not until I came on Table Rock and looked—great heaven, on what a fall of bright green water! that it came upon me in its full might and majesty.

Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was peace. Peace of mind, tranquility, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness; nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty, to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat forever.

Oh, how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view, and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water! what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths! what heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made!

* * *

In every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble, all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them, a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since Darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the Deluge—Light—came rushing on Creation at the word of God.

This is the man and these are the writings that in certain quarters are assumed to have been outgrown. There are various leaders and ready critics who will tell us that his popularity is on the wane, that his fame is a passing one, that his contemporaries over-estimated his genius. But this estimate of the "cultured" is scarcely borne out by the figures of the librarians or the book-sellers. However this may be with those who are breathless in their chase to keep up with the times, who are burdened with the new books, imprisoned by the latest author, or whose premature gray hairs bespeak all the fretting cares of business and the society that allows but few excursions beyond the treadmill of the daily paper and the monthly magazine, Dickens is still the joy of children, the comfort of the burdened, the high school and academy of the toiling world.

For this reason Dickens is no passing name in literature. For this reason let no one take up one of his books lightly or be ashamed of an enthusiasm for his writings. Poor indeed is the young man or young woman who has not found in Charles Dickens an intimate friend. Untraveled is the globe-trotter who is not familiar with the highways and by-ways in Dickens land. Lonely is the soul that has not known the sweet companionship, the genial fellowship, the splendid society, the metropolitan community of the Dickens people. Legion is their name and wide is their range, reaching from the babe to the grandfather. Solitary is the soul that has never made the acquaintance of the genial Pickwick and his friends, who knows not Peggotty and Little Nell, who has never found mutual friends in Lizzie Hexam, Esther Summerson and David Copperfield.

In his interpretations of love, common, human love, the love of boys and girls, the love of young men and young women, of old men and old women, he still stands ahead and above the splendid line of English novelists. He may not have understood the subtle gossamer-like thread which duty and conscience throw about the human life as George Eliot could; he may not have followed the tangle of those threads through the warp and woof of society as

Victor Hugo did, but he could see how the human heart, without the light of intelligence, if need be without much information from either head or conscience, could hold true to the end. He could see how love, mere love could keep the center of life pure, which on the surface was besmirched with the mud of society. I seek in vain outside the pages of Dickens for one who has so honored humanity by showing its capacity for love, simple, unquestioning, unfailing, uncounting heart loyalty in all its wanderings, such as sent old Peggotty wandering over the world in search of his little Em'ly, and made it impossible for poor Joe to forget him who "wos wery good to me, he wos."

But it is useless to try to call the roll of loyal hearts that Dickens has given to the world, people more real than the actual, who have permanently enriched humanity, in the creating of whom he became in truth and deed a co-worker with God.

In making these high claims for Charles Dickens we are in the best of company. In these counts we offer only what was long ago discovered by the most competent.

Frederic G. Kitton, in the preface of "The Novels of Charles Dickens," quotes from many of the great men of Dickens' own time. Here are some of the testimonials:

Oliver Wendell Holmes.—"He is the greatest of all of them. Such fertility, such Shakespearean breadth. There is enough of him; you feel as you do when you see the ocean."

William Morris.—"Immeasurably ahead of the novelists of our generation."

Tennyson.—"He is unquestionably as far above all other English novelists as Shakespeare is above all other English dramatists."

Swinburne.—"Dickens, I am happy to think, can hardly have had a more cordial and appreciative admirer than Mr. Jowett. Tennyson, Browning and Carlyle were all still among us when I once happened to ask him whom he thought the first of living English writers. He hesitated for a minute or so, and then replied, 'If Dickens were alive, I shouldn't hesitate.'"

Swinburne's own estimate may be found in his volume of verses entitled "Tristram of Lyonesse and Other Poems:"

"Chief in thy generation born of men;
Whom English praise acclaimed as English born,
With eyes that matched the world-wide eyes of morn
For gleam of tears or laughter, tenderest then
When thoughts of children warmed their light,
Reverence of age with love and labor worn,
Or god-like pity fired with god-like scorn,
Shot through them flame that winged they swift, live pen."

It is a long way from Swinburne to the miner, from Tennyson to the gold-hunter, and still the genius of Dickens reached all that way. The funeral flowers were still unfaded on the grave when Bret Harte wrote the high testimony and the tender tribute found in the lines, "Dickens in Camp."

Forty-two years have nearly elapsed since the English-reading world shed more tears over the news of this death and burial than were ever shed before or after, over any English author.

Let us cherish the story of this man. Let us see to it that our children are not denied the great tuition from this high school-master in the university of character, for even in the Gradgrind world of business, documents, dollars and cents, emotion has a mighty value, sentiment, imagination, passion, feeling, all the things that are discounted at the exchange, neglected if not distrusted at the mart of business, are the things most prized, after all, by the very devotees of the dollar and the computers of interest. These great revelations prove the contagious power of kindliness, the vascular qualities of human society. The stolid, commercial, prosaic, political centers, Edinburgh and Birmingham, clamored for the privilege of sending Charles Dickens to Parliament.

Good clergymen are rare in the pages of Dickens; he hated cant and hypocrisy, he despised dogmatism of every kind, but the doors of England's greatest minster swung open to receive his body. When thirty-one years of age he took a pew in the little Portland chapel in which James Martineau, the Independent and Unitarian, so long ministered. In his characterization of the grimness of Puritan Boston, he exempted the Unitarian ministry, and in St. Louis, which he called a remote place, he was delighted to discover in the Unitarian pulpit a "gentleman of great worth and excellence"—the revered Dr. Eliot, founder of the Washington University.

He said at one time that he would go farther to see Thomas Carlyle than any other man alive, and still this man who wore his heresies upon his sleeve, who courted the unpopular, who went shares with the unlucky, was at the time of his death the most befriended and most beloved man in England, aye, in America, too.

Let him who hath ears to hear take heed of the story and the stories of Charles Dickens.

While we are coldly discussing a man's career, sneering at his mistakes, blaming his rashness, and labelling his opinions—"Evangelical and narrow," or "Latitudinarian and Pantheistic," or "Anglican and supercilious"—that man, in his solitude, is perhaps shedding hot tears because his sacrifice is a hard one, because strength and patience are failing him to speak the difficult word, and do the difficult deed.

—George Eliot.

Oh, life is sad and strange,
And love is deaf and blind,
And the shapes of sorrow and change
Are always pressing behind!
If the tender impulse stay,
It is nipped by the frost of fate,
So make haste to be kind today,
For tomorrow may be too late!

—Susan Coolidge.

THE PULPIT

Some Traces of Simple Nature-Religion in Primitive Shintoism

By Dr. G. Kato, Lecturer on the Science of Religion in the Tokyo Imperial University

II.

The limitations inherent in such a publication as UNITY have necessitated the omission of a large number of technical and learned foot-notes found in the author's original manuscript of this article. Such notes would have value to scholars and it is to be hoped that this fugitive printing may lead to a more permanent publication in magazine or book form. EDITOR OF UNITY.

To the ancient Japanese, every thing in nature, whether organic or inorganic, is animate. Not only men or animals, but the sun, the moon, mountains, seas, trees, rivers, and all natural phenomena, are livings beings. So Animism is the prevailing philosophy of the ancient Japanese in the so-called Divine Age, as we find it everywhere among nature-people. Inorganic beings are as animate as organic ones. In so far as nature is all animated, they are all living things, and therefore there is no distinction at all among them. This is, in fact, the view of nature called Animism, which the ancient Japanese shared with other nature-people on the globe. Therefore we read in the Nihongi, "In that Land there were numerous Deities which shone with a luster like that of fireflies, and with Deities which buzzed like flies. There were also trees and herbs, all of which could speak."

The proof that there existed no distinction between organic and inorganic beings or no distinction between man and animals in the Divine Age of Japan, we can easily see from the descriptions of the occasion of the mourning of Ame-Waka-Hiko's death. The Nihongi informs us of it in the following manner: "At that time, Ameno-Kuni-Dama . . . knew that . . . Ame-Waka-Hiko was dead, and sent down a swift wind to bring the body up to Heaven. Forthwith a mortuary house was made, ... the river-geese were made head-hanging bearers and also broom-bearers, the kingfisher was made the rep resentative of the deceased, the sparrows were made the pounding-women, and the wrens the mourners. Altogether the assembled birds were entrusted with the matter."

Since there is no sharp demarcation-line between man and animals, between organic and inorganic beings to the eye of nature-people, their gods are not so aloof from man, nay, not so different from natural inanimate objects in kind. God is anthropomorphic, man is theomorphic, and natural objects are all apotheosized. Here the difference between god and man is not that of kind, but that of degree only. Sometimes rulers and nobles are on equal terms with their gods or even superior to them. If any special divine power or rather extraordinary virtue is to be ascribed to a certain thing, it will be a god or *Kami* (literally "above," "superior") because it has that virtue, just as the ancient Peruvians regarded all those things superior either from their beauty and excellence or from ugliness and monstrosity to other things of a like kind. In Japanese, *Kami* means simply "superior" or "higher" or "above;" so a superior one, either god or man, is a *Kami* or deity in that respect, and therefore there is no absolute difference between god and man for the ancient Japanese. There are several cases in the Kojiki and the Nihongi in which both the words god (or deity) and man are easily interchangeable without bringing thereby any obscurity of the context or any mistaken ideas in the passages. Just as the difference between god and man is slight, so god and nature, animate or inanimate, are only vaguely distinguishable to the eyes of the ancient Japanese myth-makers. If, therefore, anything whatever in nature is considered at all as superior in one respect it will become a *Kami* or deity at once on account of it. This is the actual state of mind of the primitive Japanese from which Shintoism sprang. The reader may well compare the above mentioned facts with the following quotation from Rafael Karsten's "Origin of Worship:" "Every thing that seems strange and mysterious to him, that exceeds his capability of understanding . . . . is looked upon by him as divine, ... supernatural, ... becomes the object of religious worship. Every name with which some savage people designate their gods means . . . . something remarkable or mysterious. Thus the Fijian . . . God . . *Kalou* . . . . denotes . . . . great and marvelous . . . . When the Malagasy is asked what is god, he will reply a star, the sun, the sky, money, or anything to which he attaches the notion of glory and mystery. Whatever is great, whatever exceeds the capacity of their understandings they designate by the one convenient and comprehensive appellation *andriamanitra.* Whatever is new, useful, and extraordinary is called god. Silk is considered god . . . . and velvet . . . . son of god . . . . Of the natives of Hawaii, Dr. Beshtinger states that any remarkable object, or any great and dangerous animal was by them regarded as a deity, if only it could inspire them with awe and fear . . . The Aka-tribe (in Bengal) fear the mountains which tower aloft over their dwellings, ... they fear the roaring torrents of the deep glen, . . . the dark and dense jungle in which their cattle lose their way. These dark and threatening powers of nature they invest with supernatural attributes. They are their gods (pp. 15-18). In such a mental state, it is natural enough to meet several manifestations of the simple nature-religion. So I shall present below some very rudimental god-forms in the simple nature-religion which we find among the comparatively developed mythological theophanies in the Kojiki and the Nihongi.

That the fire which the primitive Japanese worshipped as divine is nothing but the visible fire itself, like the Vedic Agni, is beyond all doubt, though, in the comparatively developed mythology of the Kojiki, fire is deified as the Fire-Shining-Elder Deity or *Kagu-tsu-chi-no-Kami,* who was born from *Izanami* or the Female-who-Invites. Therefore, A. Hirata says: "At that time, *Izanami-*

no-mikoto gave birth to fire. That was the first time we had fire and never had had it before. Indeed, this fire was after all *Homusubi-no-Kami* or the Fire-Producing-Deity, so the goddess *Izanami-no-mikoto's* private parts were burnt and she died.

Here the word *Homusubi-no-Kami,* or the Fire-Producing-Deity and the physical fire are taken as quite synonymous: this fact proves that the god of fire and the physical fire itself were not greatly different to the ancient, simple-minded Japanese, and the physical fire is divine just as well as the Fire-god himself. This illustrates the transition period in which the simple nature-religion was gradually giving way to and being replaced by the complex one.

In Vedic India, Vata and Vayu are both the wind-gods. But Vata has a more primitive aspect than Vayu; Vata is the physical wind itself. On the contrary, Vayu is the god of the wind. So Vata belongs to the stage of the simple nature-religion, and Vayu to that of the complex. Compare the following passages of the Kojiki and the Nihongi, with each other: 1. Kojiki: "Next they gave birth to the Deity of Wind, whose name is *Shi-na-tsu-hiko* or the Deity Prince-of-Long-Wind." 2. "Nihongi:" At this time *Ameno-Kuni-dama,* hearing the voice of her crying, straightway knew that her husband, *Ame-wa-ka-hiko,* was dead, and sent down a *swift wind* to bring the body up to Heaven."

What the Kojiki-compilers handed down as a personified Wind-god is retained in one of the narratives in the Nihongi in its more primitive form as a "swift wind," that is, the actual tangible wind itself. This fact shows that the worship of the wind itself as divine at one time existed in Japan as a simple nature-religion, and the wind-god *Shi-natsu-hiko,* the personification of the wind, came out of it afterwards, the idea of which apparently belongs to the stage of the complex nature-religion.

The sun is a genial apparition, not only in the mythology of Japan, but in the mythologies of many other folks. Among others we are familiar with, the Greek Apollon and Helios, the Indian Surya, or Savitar, or Vishnu, the Babylonian Shain-ash, the Egyptian Ra or Amon or Aten or Sechet (Sun goddess), the Semitic Moloch (Melek) and the Persian Mithra are all world-wide-known sun-deities. The sun-goddess *Ama-terasu-ó-mi-Kami,* or the Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Deity of Japanese mythology may also be reckoned among the number. And as we meet the henotheism of Aten or Ra or Amon in somewhat later beliefs of Egypt, we find also among modern Shinto theologians such an attempt to enhance the Sun-goddess *Ama-terasu o-mikami* to the same position as that of Ra or Amon in Egptian henotheism. Certain it is, even a Shinto-deity of such a lofty character was nevertheless once a solar myth, though not without the shadowy back-ground of a historical personage; nay, it may have been once the actual sun itself before our eyes. At this point Aston, Griffis and many others agree unanimously. How do the Kojiki and Nihongi narrators inform us of the sun-goddess? The deity in question was born from the left eye of *Izanagi,* or the Male-Who-Invites, on the occasion of his purification in the water after his return from Hades. Then *Izanagi* was very pleased and rejoicingly said: "I, begetting child after child, have at my final begetting gotten three illustrious children! . . . . At once jinglingly taking off and shaking the Jewel-string forming his august necklace, he bestowed it on the Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Deity, saying: 'Do thine Augustness rule the Plain-of-High-Heaven!' With this charge he bestowed it on her." Since then she has governed *Takamano-hara* or the Plain-of-High-Heaven as the female sovereign, yet not infrequently intervening in human affairs on earth beneath, giving commands to mankind, sending expeditionary forces to the Central-Land-of-Reed-Plains, and sanctioning a truce.

In short, the Sun-goddess we find in the Kojiki is thoroughly anthropomorphized and *ipso-facto* appears in fully dressed mythological garment. Even such a deity, however, never lacks the traces of the simple-nature-religion and certain descriptions of the deity in the Kojiki give us the suggestion that the deity was once nothing else than the visible sun itself. Therefore, Moto-ori, the faithful interpreter of ancient matters, who is comparatively free from theological prejudice, concluded, to use Aston's words: "This great deity actually is the sun in Heaven, which even now illuminates the world before our eyes, a fact which is extremely clear from the divine writings," and he insisted that the view which takes this sun-goddess, not for the visible sun itself, but for the invisible divine governor of the sun, is a prejudice coming from the influence of Chinese ideas, and therefore must be rejected. He also affirmed that the moon-god *Tsuki-yomi-no-Mikoto* is the actual moon itself. On this point Moto-ori thinks very differently, with his ardent follower, the theologian Hirata. As theology, Hirata's view is certainly a more advanced one than that of Moto-ori, whereas as a faithful commentator of the ancient records themselves, Moto-ori is quite right. According to the view of the latter, we can trace the simple nature-religion in primitive Shintoism, while the interpretation of the former is one that comes from the standpoint of Shintoism as the complex nature religion.

Now I shall show how we can find a trace of the nature-religion in *Amaterasu-o-mikami,* or the Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Deity, from the original texts of the Kojiki and the Nihongi. First of all, read the passages of the Kojiki, "The name of the Deity that was born as he (*Izanagi*) thereupon washed his left august eye, was the Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Deity. The name of the Deity that was next born, as he washed his right august eye, was his Augustness Moon-Night-Possessor." And next compare the corresponding passage of the Nihongi, where the sun and the moon remained not yet personified, but simply the visible sun and moon themselves. The passages run: *"The sun and moon* were born, and then the leech-child." This is the authoritative ground on which Moto-ori's view was founded that the sun-worship of the ancient Japanese belongs to the category of the simple nature-religion. Moreover, I find another passage in the Nihongi which clearly identifies the Sun-goddess with the actual sun itself before our eyes. It

runs as follows: In one writing it is said: *"Izanagino-Mikoto* charged his three children, saying, "Do thou, *Amaterasu-o-Mikami,* rule over the plain-of-High-Heaven; do thou, *Tsuki-yomi-no-mikoto,* be associated with her (literally translated, side by side or *pari passu* with the sun), in the charge of Heavenly matters; do *Susana-wo-no-Mikoto* govern the plain of Ocean." Here we clearly learn that *Amaterasu-o-mikami,* that is, the Sun-goddess and the sun itself, were not yet two different things to the consciousness of the ancient Japanese, so we can easily conclude that the Shinto-goddess *Amaterasu-o-Mikami* is at first naught else than the visible sun in heaven. Even Hirata was not able to resist the fact itself, so he said: "By the god, it is to be understood that it is the bright sun in Heaven, as much as god and the visible heaven are ever synonymous in ancient China." The uneducated classes of modern Japan still worship the rising sun itself, with their faces towards the East every morning, clapping their hands.

Both the Kojiki and the Nihongi tell us the fact that when the Sun-goddess had concealed her person, closing the door of the Heavenly Cave, in order to avoid the violence of her brother the Storm-god, *Takehaya Susano-o,* or the Brave-Swift-Impetuous Male, the whole plain-of-High-Heaven was obscured and all the Central-Land-of-Reed-Plains darkened, and eternal night prevailed. In contrast with this, when the goddess had opened the door of the Heavenly Cave and had come forth, both the Plain-of-High-Heaven and the Central-Land-of-Reed-Plains again became illumined. Judging from the above-mentioned facts, I can not help concluding that the sun-goddess was originally the actual visible sun itself, and in course of time its idea was converted into the female deity presiding over the physical sun. Hence Aston rightly said: *"Amaterasu-o-mikami* is throughout the greater part of this narrative an anthropomorphic deity, with little that is specially characteristic of her solar functions. Here, however, it is plainly the sun itself which withholds its light and leaves the world to darkness." Thus we find an expression of the simple nature-religion in the sun, much as we saw it in such natural objects as mountains, seas, rivers, trees, and so on, in ancient Japan.

For the Ancient Japanese, whose crude philosophy was an animistic view of nature which held that "the rocks, tree-stems, herbage, and many other inanimate objects have the power of speech in the Central-Land-of-Luxuriant-Reed-Plains," it is very natural that they should come to deify animals themselves. Here also we find a clear manifestation of the nature-religion, so we are simply to adduce the fact from both texts.

When his Augustness *Yamato-dake* ascended Mt. Ibuki he met a white boar which he mistook for a messenger from the deity of the mountain, but in reality the white boar was not a messenger from the deity, but the very deity in person. So here we have an animal itself apotheosized. The famous serpent with an eight-forked head and an eight-forked tail was called an "awful deity" by *Susa-no-o-no-mikoto.*

A wolf and a tiger were also called an "awful deity." We read in the Nihongi as follows:

"Thy servant . . . fell in with two wolves on a mountain, who were fighting with one another, and were defiled with blood. Thy servant got down from his horse, and, having rinsed his mouth and hands, made prayer to them, saying: 'Ye are *august deities,* and yet take delight in violence. If you were to fall in with a hunter, very speedily ye should be taken.' So thy servant restrained them from fighting together, and having wiped them and cleansed their blood-stained hair, eventually let them go, thus saving both their lives."

"One of my children suddenly disappeared . . then we found the foot-prints of a *tiger* . . . Thy servant . . . coming to a cliff . . . drew his sword, and said:— . . . 'O *Dread Deity!* thou hast parental love as one feature of thy character. Now tonight my child disappeared . . . I sought for him as far as this place,' . . Upon this that *tiger* advanced . . . to devour me. But I, . . . seized that tiger by the tongue, while . . . I stabbed it to death. Then I stripped off it skin and returned with it."

Deification of man is one of the most striking features of the early religion of Japan. To the consciousness of the ancient Japanese whose view of the world is a crude animism, every thing which has one special virtue above others is a god or *Kami,* a superior being because of its own very particular virtue. On this ground, for example, the sun, the moon, fire, water, mountains, seas, birds, and animals are all gods; that is to say, they are regarded as gods because of their respective distinguished characters. Is man then an exception? Far from it. Man is a deity—indeed a deity *par excellence* in some respects, because man is the lord of all living beings. The apotheosis of man was a matter of course to the consciousness of the primitive Japanese. So the difference between man and God is very little. The words man and God are synonymous to such an extent that they are very easily interchangeable without thereby introducing any obscurity of the meaning of the terms into the sentence. The reader may well compare the following uses of the words man and God in the passage from the Kojiki and the Nihongi.

"His Augustness *Kamu-Yamato-Ihare-Hiko* again met *a person with a tail* . . . Then (His Augustness) asked: 'Who art thou?' He replied, saying, 'I am an *Earthly Deity,* and my name is *Iha-oshi-waku-no-ko.*"

"The Emperor went hunting with bow and arrows on Mount Katsuraki. Of a sudden a tall *man* appeared, in face and demeanor he resembled the Emperor. The Emperor knew that he was a *god,* . . . proceeded to inquire of him, . . . the tall man answered . . . 'I am a *God* of visible-men (i. e. a god who has assumed a mortal form.' . . . The tall man next gave his name, saying, 'Thy servant is the *God Hito-Koto-Nushi.*'" He finally joined him in the division of the chase. They pursued a deer, and each declined in favor of the other to let fly an arrow at him. They galloped on, bit to bit, using to one another reverent and respectful language, as if in the company of genii. . . . The god attended on the Emperor and es-

corted him as far as the water of Kume."

The chief of the *Yemishi*-tribe addressed *Yamato-dakeno-Mikoto,* the conqueror of the eastern part of Japan, in the following words: " 'When we look upon thy face, we see that it is *more than human.* Art thou perchance of Deity?' . . . The prince answered . . . —'I am the son of a Deity of visible men.' "

So, minor deities, the tradition says, are all subdued by him: "When he returned up (to the capital) after doing this, he subdued and pacified every one of the Deities of the mountains and of the Deities of the rivers." . . .

The Emperor Keiko said to Prince *Yamato-dake*: "Now we mark that thou art mighty of stature and . . . of perfect beauty . . . thy fierceness is like thunder and lightning, wherever thou dost turn thy face, there is none to stand before thee. . . . Thus we know, that whereas in *outward form thou art our child, in reality thou art a god.*"

Thus, the apotheosis of man in Japan culminates in the belief in an actual visible god or *Ara-hito Kami* in the person of an emperor; so even a god himself must obey the Emperor's command, so we read in the Nihongi:

"This year (A. D. 618) *Kahabe no Omi* was sent to the province of Aki with orders to build ships. On arriving at the mountain, he sought for ship timber. Having found good timber, he marked it and was about to cut it, when a man appeared, and said: 'This is a thunder-tree, and must not be cut.' *Kahabe no Omi* said: "Shall even the Thunder-god oppose the Imperial commands?' So having offered many mitegra, he sent workmen to cut down the timber. Straightway a great rain fell, and it thundered and lightened. Hereupon *Kahabe no Omi* drew his sword, and said: 'O thunder-god, harm not the workmen; it is my person that thou shouldst injure.' So he looked up and waited. But although the god thundered more than ten times, he could not harm *Kahabe no Omi.* Then he changed himself into a small fish, which stuck between the branches of the tree: *Kahabe no Omi* forthwith took the fish, and burnt it. So at last the ship was built."

The reader may well compare this idea with the Emperor-worship of Rome.

Had this idea developed more, we might have seen that form of Emperor-worship realized in Japan which was once prevalent in the Roman Empire. Julius Caesar, Augustus Caesar, and many other Caesars either dead or living were worshipped as gods, or at least the Emperor was worshipped as God. And thereby that worship came to have a universalistic character. Anyhow the Japanese pantheon abounds in deified Mikados, either living or dead, that is, in august children of the Heavenly Deity. As regards this point, primitive Shintoism, it may be said, is a the-anthropic religion, resembling in this the Indo-Aryan, rather than the Semitic type. Here in Japan, therefore, the simple nature-religion found expression again in the case of the apotheosis of man, or in other words, it made its appearance in the worship of actual, visible man himself on earth. Now I will quote Moto-ori's explanatory comments on *Kami* from his Exposition of the Records of Ancient Matters in order to illustrate that the simple nature-religion can be seen everywhere in Ancient Japan, and especially that it manifests itself in the worship of human beings, or particularly in the worship of the Emperor or some noble superiors. Moto-ori said: "The term *Kami* is applied . . . to the various deities of heaven and earth . . . as well as to their spirits (*Mi-tama*) . . . . Moreover, not only human beings, but birds, beasts, plants and trees, seas and mountains, and all other things whatever which deserve to be dreaded and revered for the extraordinary pre-eminent powers which they possess, are called *Kami.* . . . Among *Kami* who are human beings I need hardly mention the successive Mikados . . . Then there have been numerous examples of divine human beings, both in ancient and modern times, who. . . . are treated as gods. . . . There are many cases of seas and mountains being called *Kami. It is not their spirits which are meant. The word was applied directly to the seas or mountains themselves as being very awful things.*"

My conclusions in this paper have been based on a comparative and critical study of the Kojiki and the Nihongi.

The ideas of most parts of both texts are comparatively advanced, though they are all mythological, and explicitly belong to the stage of the complex nature-religion. The principal deities in both texts are all personified, already called after their own proper names, and each has a distinct individuality. So to discover the comparatively simple form of worship from the texts is not so easy a task. But fortunately I have succeeded in getting the above-mentioned facts which enable us to conclude that there existed once in ancient Japan certain religious ideas which are now known by us as the simple nature-religion, perhaps one of the most primitive forms of religion. And as we have just seen, these old materials are chiefly handed down in some of the so-called "one writing" of the Nihongi, rather than the main writings of both texts. This fact certainly proves that some private traditions embodied in the narratives of the Nihongi preserve the most genuine original forms of the Shintoism of ancient Japan, while it is a well-known fact that most of the Kojiki and the Nihongi was already a comparatively elaborate work of complicated mythology when they were first reduced to writing at the beginning of the eighth century A. D.

A LITTLE BOOK

A little book with here and there a leaf
  Turned at some tender passage; how it seems
  To speak to me—to fill my soul with dreams,
Sweet as first love, and beautiful, though brief!
Here was her glory; and on this page her grief—
  For tears have stained it; here the sunlight streams,
  And there the stars withheld from her their beams
And sorrow sought her while soul like a thief!
And here her name, and as I breathe the sweet,
  Soft syllables, a presence in the room
  Sheds a rare radiance; but I may not look;
The yellowed leaves are fluttering at my feet;
  The gloom is gone, and I—lost in the gloom,
Weep like a woman o'er this little book.

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

Philosophy and Belief

René L. Gerard, in a thoughtful paper entitled "Civilization in Danger," in the last *Hibbert Journal*, seems to imply that the advance to a higher level of morals or civilization depends upon the physical vigor of a people. Professor Gerard says, "It is a seductive but fatal error," to believe that intellectual ideas or religious dogmas create "morals and civilization." To reason in this way, as writers generally do, is, he says, "to mistake the effect for the cause." Philosophic ideas and religious beliefs do not create the moral life of a people, but rather the life of a people creates its ideas and its beliefs.

This is his main contention: "When the vital instinct of a people is healthy, it readily suggests to the people the religious and moral doctrines which assure its survival;" and that a physically healthy people is the normal, the moral people.

There is a profound truth in these radical statements, but is it the whole truth? Do not ideas often have a tremendous influence upon the life of a people? Take an illustration that Professor Renard perverts. When the Barbarians destroyed the Roman Empire they adopted Christianity, a new religion whose dogmas of brotherhood and forgiveness were distinctly opposed to their ideas of conquest and cruelty. But in adopting these new ideas, they were improved, educated, they ascended to a higher level of life and civilization. These barbarians were physically healthy, and Professor Gerard says that their instinct would have suggested the ideas and doctrines they needed. But ideas and beliefs do not grow on the bushes. If there had been no religion, no Christian ideas, would these Barbarians have invented the ideas and beliefs by which they would have ascended to a higher intellectual and moral level?

I cannot believe that all moral degradation, every deformity of soul, "corresponds to a physical disorder, some apparent or hidden defect of the body." I would go deeper and affirm that every moral disorder, every vice is the result of the lack or the impairment of intelligence, that ignorance is the great fruitful cause of poverty, misery and sin.

The body must be made healthy, strong, and beautiful, but more, there must be the development and strengthening of the mind. There will be the everlasting need of education, of teachers like Socrates, Seneca, Marcus Aurelius. And more than this, there must be the making strong and beautiful of the soul. There will be an everlasting need of religion, of the great thinkers like Jesus, Paul, Channing, Emerson.

Professor Gerard says a healthy people will adopt their ideas or beliefs instinctively or unconsciously. They will draw them from the intellectual and spiritual acquisitions of the past, the accumulated experiences of the ages. Here he follows Bergson. But are not these acquisitions, these great universal "acceptances" or beliefs largely the fruit of the gigantic toil of the mighty thinkers of the past? And why must we go to the past for all our "acceptances" or beliefs? Has the present no intellectual or religious victories? With our more exact knowledge of the laws of evolution and of biology, God, freedom and immortality may be possible to a courageous philosophy.

But we know a healthy people will have new material, intellectual and spiritual wants or necessities. There must be, then, new and fertile philosophic ideas, crystallizing into new religious beliefs and ideals. And the sure proof of vitality in a people is the *adapting* of these new ideas to its new physical, intellectual and spiritual wants.

But unconscious instinct cannot supply these ideas and ideals. Here surely is the inevitable task of the thinker and the minister. Professor Gerard admits that "the role of its conscious reason is, in spite of all, the higher role." We need the inspiration of instinct, of feeling, but we must not forget that the most perfect thing evolved on this planet is the human intellect.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

A Good Book

From the Macmillan Company I am in receipt of a sterling volume, entitled "Socialism and the Ethics of Jesus," by Professor Henry C. Vedder, of Crozer Theological Seminary. If this is the kind of literature which the Theological Seminaries are to produce, we can afford to sustain them, even if they do not send us out preachers adequate for the times. I take it no one can be under the influence of this man, Vedder, without learning to think and to think for himself. Socialism has at least done one thing: it has converted the world out of social conceit,—or does it simply express such conversion? I take it that the latter is pretty nearly the truth,—that Socialism means no one thing, excepting a desire for betterment. The ages go, to some extent blindly, and yet surely, right onward. It stands for now and then a prophet to see ahead; and as for Jesus, he had ears to hear and eyes to see and a heart to understand. He was born over again whenever he met a new problem. We have not yet got to the limit of his foreseeing.

Socialism seems to be a big hunger, often of a rather blind sort. At any rate the church is being transformed, and it is learning to understand Jesus Christ. When Dr. Vedder draws the contrast between Socialism and the teachings of Jesus, he does it very judiciously, telling us that they meet at many points, and that Socialism should be studied by those who undertake to teach the gospel of Jesus. He holds warmly to the spiritual element in Christianity, and he is right in doing so. We have to bear in mind, however, that praying and singing do not necessarily vouch for spiritual life. Dr. Vedder also insists upon the pre-eminent determination of Christianity to redeem the individual, but thereby to redeem society. The book is every way the work of a thinker and of a student; a man infinitely more independent than the Seminaries tolerated fifty years ago. Every page of the book is meat-full.

E. P. POWELL.

He that dare not think is a slave.
He that cannot think is a fool.
He that will not think is a bigot.
(*Inscription on the wall of Andrew Carnegie's Library.*)

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO.

The following report of the Educational Section was read at the Annual Meeting of All Souls Church, Jan. 11, 1912.

The University Extension has this year lost the efficient management of Mr. Walter Paine, which it has enjoyed for many years, and gained that of Professor Nathaniel Butler. As usual during the first half of the winter, it has given two courses of lectures, the first by Professor J. C. Powys, of Oxford, on "Modern European Literature." This course was unusually well attended and enthusiastically received. The second course, given by Alfred H. Brown, of Boston, on "The Foundation of Moral Practice," while not so well attended, was perhaps not less powerful in its appeal to the thoughtful. The present course consists of six lecture-recitals from the great composers of the classical period, given by Mr. Thomas Whitney Surette, and the last for the season, beginning Feb. 20, will be a course on "The New Citizenship," by Mr. Zueblin, who never fails to attract an audience or to hold it when assembled.

A series of ten lecture-readings on literary subjects are in course of delivery by Mr. Maurice Browne, of London, under the management of Miss Imogen Pierce. They have been given Wednesday mornings and repeated Wednesday evenings, with an average attendance of about fifty.

Two classes in French are held weekly under the expert instruction of Mr. S. M. Delson, of the University of Chicago, with nine ladies in attendance upon the two classes.

The Lincoln Centre Branch of the Public Library is no longer an experiment. It is fulfilling the promise of usefulness made for it many years ago by its predecessor, the little Library of All Souls. It is assuredly becoming not only an educational but a social and moral force in the community. The little Reference Libraries in the Browning and Civics Rooms are too small to attract much attention, and are therefore little used, but when wanted they are wanted very much indeed. Anyone wishing lists of these books may obtain them at any time in the office, in the Browning Room or the Branch Library on the first floor.

Miss Roos's Story Class for boys and girls above the third grade meets every Thursday afternoon and ranges in number from thirty to sixty-five, having practically outgrown its small quarters in the basement. For the children who attend, it is veritably an hour in Fairyland, as those can testify who happened to come across our improvised class at the Child Welfare Exhibit in the Coliseum last May.

The Class in Pottery, under the instruction of Miss Olive Donaldson, of the Art Institute, is a new venture,—and it works. Though designed for girls from twelve to fifteen, we accepted all who applied, with the result that we have children from eight to sixteen and several adults, two of them teachers in the public schools, working in the same class, as at present there are not enough to divide. As we have no kiln the vases made have been glazed at the School of Education. The material is rather expensive and the cost of the work, beyond the small tuition fees we have thought it best to charge, has been generously met by a donation from Miss Mary McArthur. We expect to continue the pottery work another term and hope presently to form a class in clay modeling, for which we have had some demand. Our hope is that this small beginning may become a nucleus for a Department of Art. One of the teachers who attends the class said to me an evening or two ago, "I am sure if people knew the quality of work that Miss Donaldson does, her classes would be overflowing." We feel we were fortunate to have enlisted Miss Donaldson's skill and energy in this work, and many thanks are due to Miss Hollister, of the School of Education, who foster-mothered our plans in the beginning and, best of all, discovered Miss Donaldson. The Art Institute, also, is interested in our project and has offered us the advantages of affiliation, with considerable oversight, criticism and lectures and the hope of some financial assistance in the future.

As last year, the statistics of the institution have been kept by this Section, and its representative has made herself generally disagreeable with the continual interrogation point and the perennial question of "How many?" By means of this more or less accurate census taking, we are able to report that the total weekly attendance at the Centre during the year has varied from 3,000 to upwards of 6,500, without allowance for duplication. A card catalog consisting of the names and addresses of all persons connected with the Institution, is nearly ready for use, thanks to the timely assistance of Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly. This tool, when completed, will be the electric push-button which will give us swift communication with the outposts whenever desired.

There is much over-lapping of Sections, and some of it logically so; for all our missionary work should be Educational, and woe betide the church or institution if much of its educational work is not also missionary work. The Publication Committee does a large part of its work in connection with this Section. The Church Annual was chiefly compiled, edited and printed under its direction. The editing of the manuscript and the proof reading of UNITY is a weekly task which takes precedence of everything else when its time comes. Many thanks are due to Miss Florence Thomas, who has rendered valuable assistance in this work. We have printed no books this year, but Mr. Jones' "On the Firing Line in the Battle for Sobriety," which we published in 1910, has traveled far and won golden opinions in many quarters. The *Universalist Leader* said of the man and the book: "He is on the firing line, and he can shoot straight and every bullet hits. This book is a whole gatling-gun loaded for action. Our notion is that a lot of our forces should be armed with it and sent to the front." This notion has been literally carried out, for the National Unitarian Temperance Society had a thousand copies printed and paper-bound to be given away for the asking, and so it is getting a chance to put in its work.

Our sales of publications have been considerably cut off since our removal to the fourth floor, but shortly before Christmas, a book counter with a supply of Mr. Jones' books and Miss Lester's cards, in charge of Miss Johnson and Miss Bowman, was placed in the Unity Room on the first floor, resulting in a considerable increase of business. We have also undertaken this year the sale of the new Unity Hymns and Chorals, of which are sold 1,582 copies between June and January.

For the salary pertaining to this Section, we are indebted, as last year, to the Associate Chairman, Mrs. James P. Gardner.

EVELYN H. WALKER.
Resident Chairman of Educational Section.

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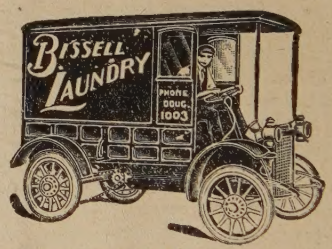

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